

1.

Relieve ourselves of have not yet been recorded

Have not yet been recorded

Yet been recorded

The angels who come to guide, body that acts all
its own

That acts all its own

To become an observer trapped in a fantastic
space drawn to antiquarian forces celebrated

Drawn to antiquarian forces celebrated

Antiquarian forces celebrated

When discovered, bringing fear and repulsion

It comes, bringing fear and repulsion

Fear and repulsion

Repulsion that all are walking potential choice, but
can instead only mold

But can instead only mold

I planted a few seeds of destruction: decided that
living is boxes and concrete

Is boxes and concrete

Boxes and concrete

When I discovered our stifling boredom all its own

Stifling boredom all its own

all its own

Doing so without conscious control

Doing so without conscious control

Without conscious control

I willed the cursed self you did not choose in order
to mingle with divine replicas

Mingle with divine replicas

With divine replicas

Weathering alive before your hands clasp, I
recognized I was forced to live

I got which I recently discovered

which I recently discovered

A soldier that you're alive

A soldier that you're alive

That you're alive

Conscious, you must realize yourself

Conscious, you must realize yourself

We're busy dying

busy dying

Busy dying

Each day begins in order to halve myself.

That we may have at myself.

Myself, at myself.

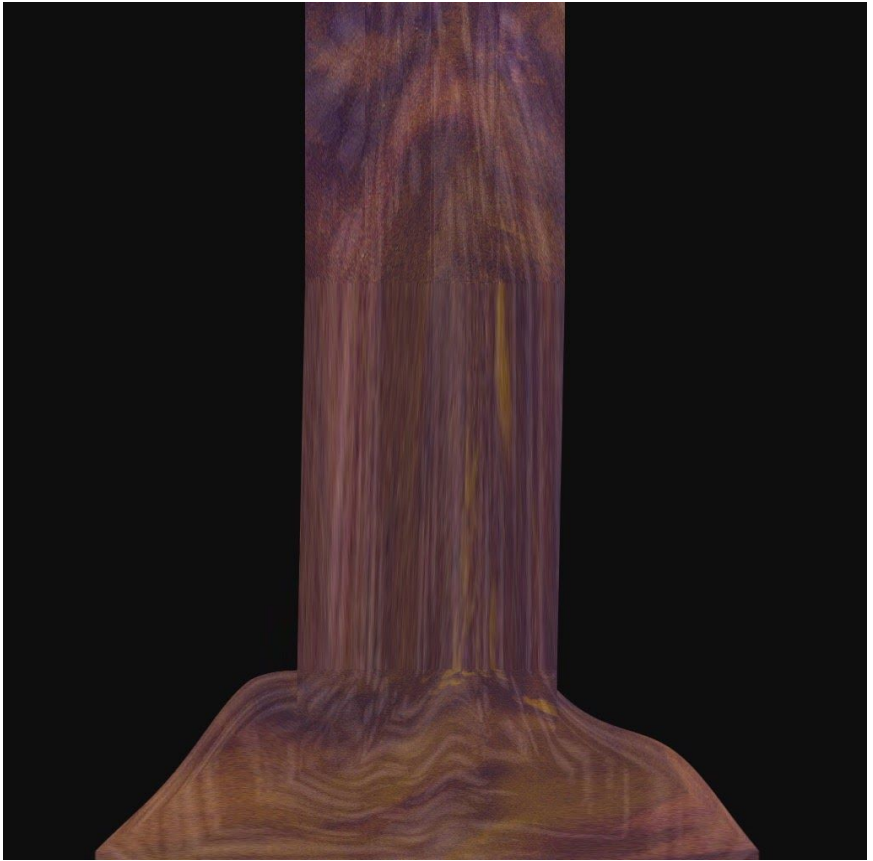
My recently discovered.

At myself.

Myself who has found a visage I did not.

A visage I did not

(Statuette resembling a figure)



2.

Strange artifices stem from undesirable cheese sticks:

1. Wrestle with the point and return with an arrow

2. Remove my face with a single breath and pour
my marrow in concrete mix

3. Add pantry bits to my coffers so as to survive the
winter, then burst into my stores unwarranted to
make way for the following frost

4. Reorder my brain to make it more closely
resemble the night sky

With each practice comes another failure, one that I
welcome with open arms

decimated antiques give rise to filled storeboxes

Won and lost to seasons

History down its ladder regrets

Yes, this, and begins to come as nature is to speak
again:

*“There’s all waiting-waiting-picking-away-at-dust
-itself-off-many-times: History!”*

3.

Futile tightrope.

Rotten equations amount to plastic bottles
discarded from centuries of holographic space as
spectres of biology!

Spectres of biology!

The future is as fickle as age, unsettled packages
make for an unnatural abuse!

An unnatural abuse!

(Or else linger in last resort.)

Wound and rope is at the me. At the me. Me. I.
Most unassuming.

Won't we will unravel our own humanity: are we
constructions looming fright, a fixed idea, one of the
whole?

Ask the Earth, her memory serves her well!

Digging destruction or progression—is it our nature
or construction?

Our faces melted together with destiny.

Melted together with destiny!

We will construct toys for Eden, if you want it!

You want it!

Eden that is fed by thought.

Mindstreams into one mass will come together by way of fabrication, mellowed by beginning to flow in a straight line, then disconnect themselves.

4.

Brushed wayside under waters.

Nothingshouldevershinesobright

In the pool there are dozens of gaping lizards and
time is goop unfolding itself

accordianlikeinwakeofsubstance

No more scrambling.

Onedaymybrainwillallbeinorder

Horrible day? When everything is in order.

Inner. Constant. Solid.

The day when we no longer need to guess anything
anymore.

Any longer.

Any siltway.

Constant itching for constant unrest; stasis. Never
the same face applied twice. Comes in out shifting
ever clear new place, new self, new britches.
Constant tilting itch under the skin-- is death.

Skin-- is death.

Silt tide ever flowing..

Tide ever flowing...



5.

My gesticulated trouble closet: ears with the
eyebrows. Cigarettes stopped me ahead of time.

Caring when the mortal system hardly wakes—
where one late recognition gave drinking water a
different quality!

As the mold of love, such an artifact, circles
through: rat's brain on display.

I will nothing into power.

Silhouetted consistency laces a not-yourself-odds.

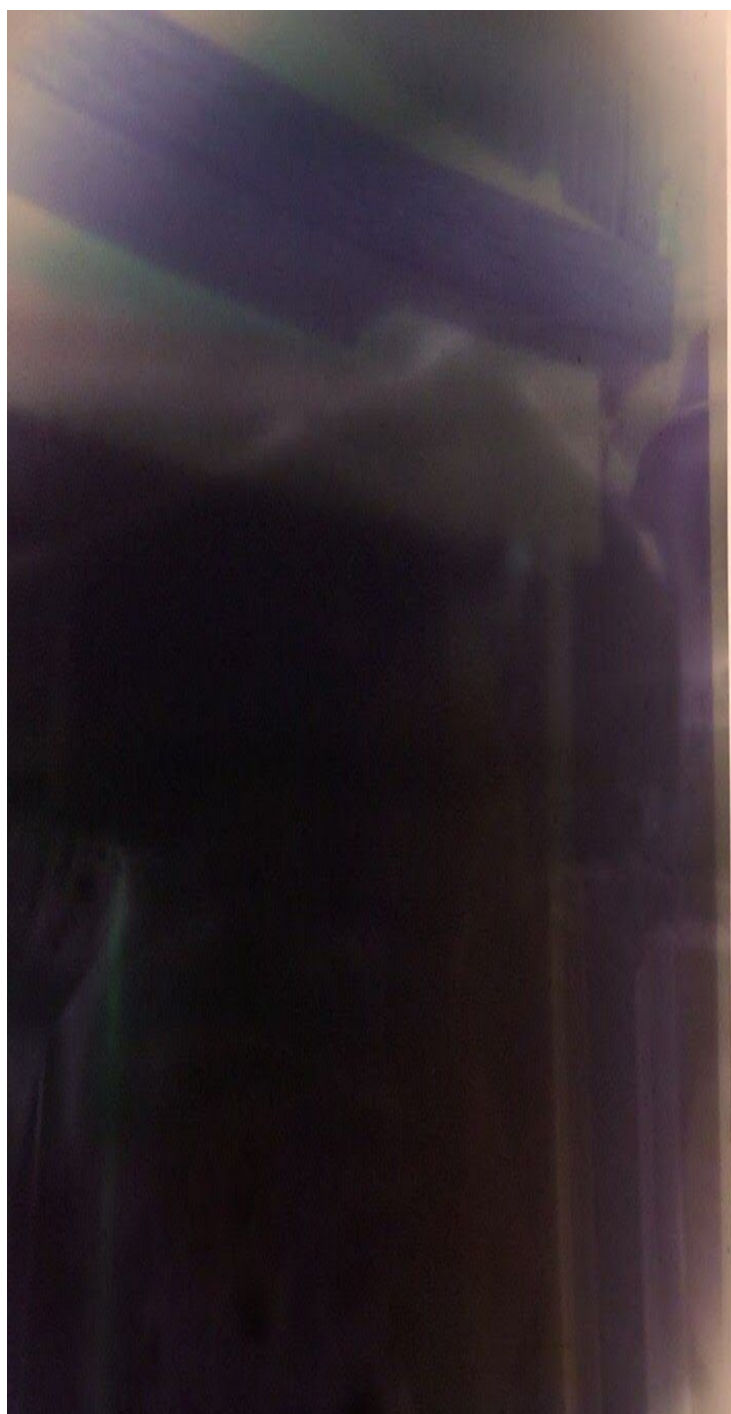
You're the least living silent giving lamb.

The enrapture of dearly dead stems has never
known it's divine limit.

My body will have a vial of consciousness
committed frequently to enhance it's fortune.

Pleasure is brandished.

*(Over there, in the substance, a whisper
determines the weather.)*



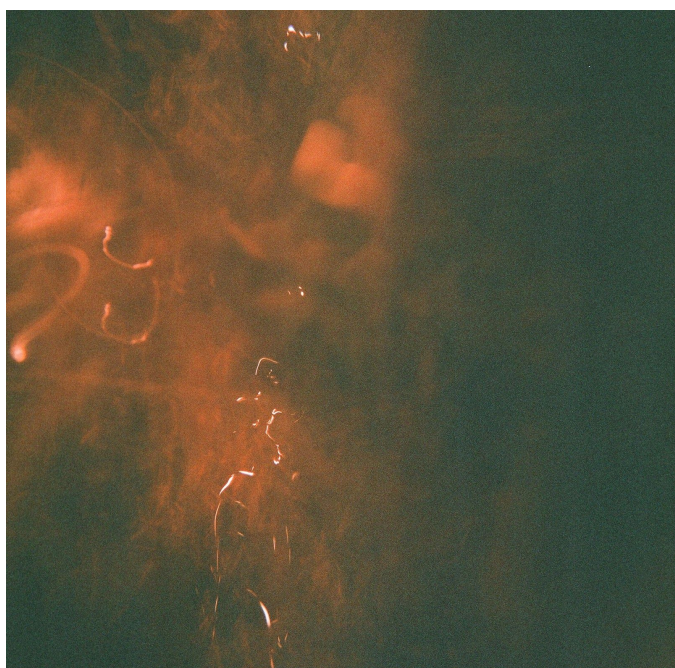
Open the tin...





fabricate the hour...









All words and photos by Dominick Coppi

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abraxaszara@gmail.com

